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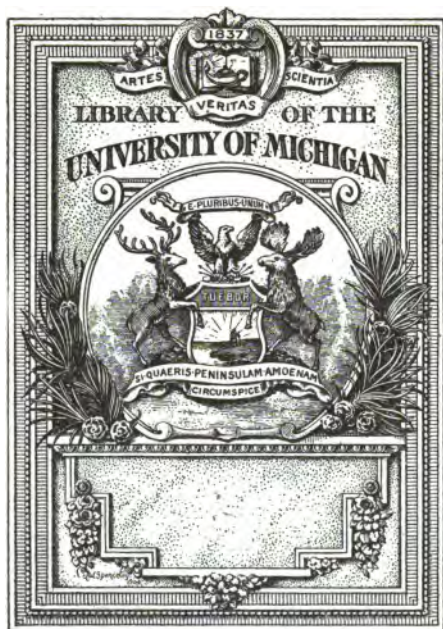
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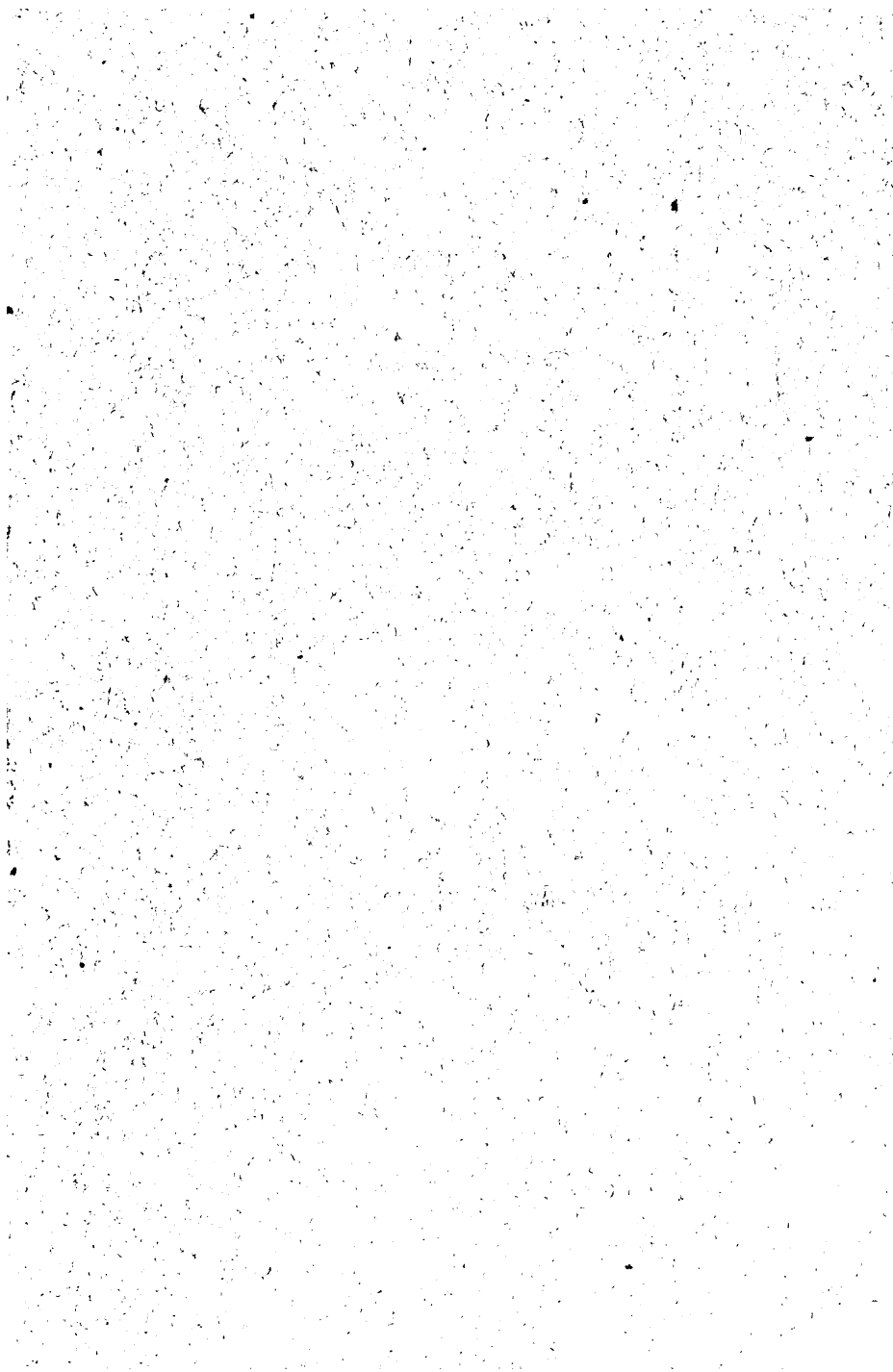
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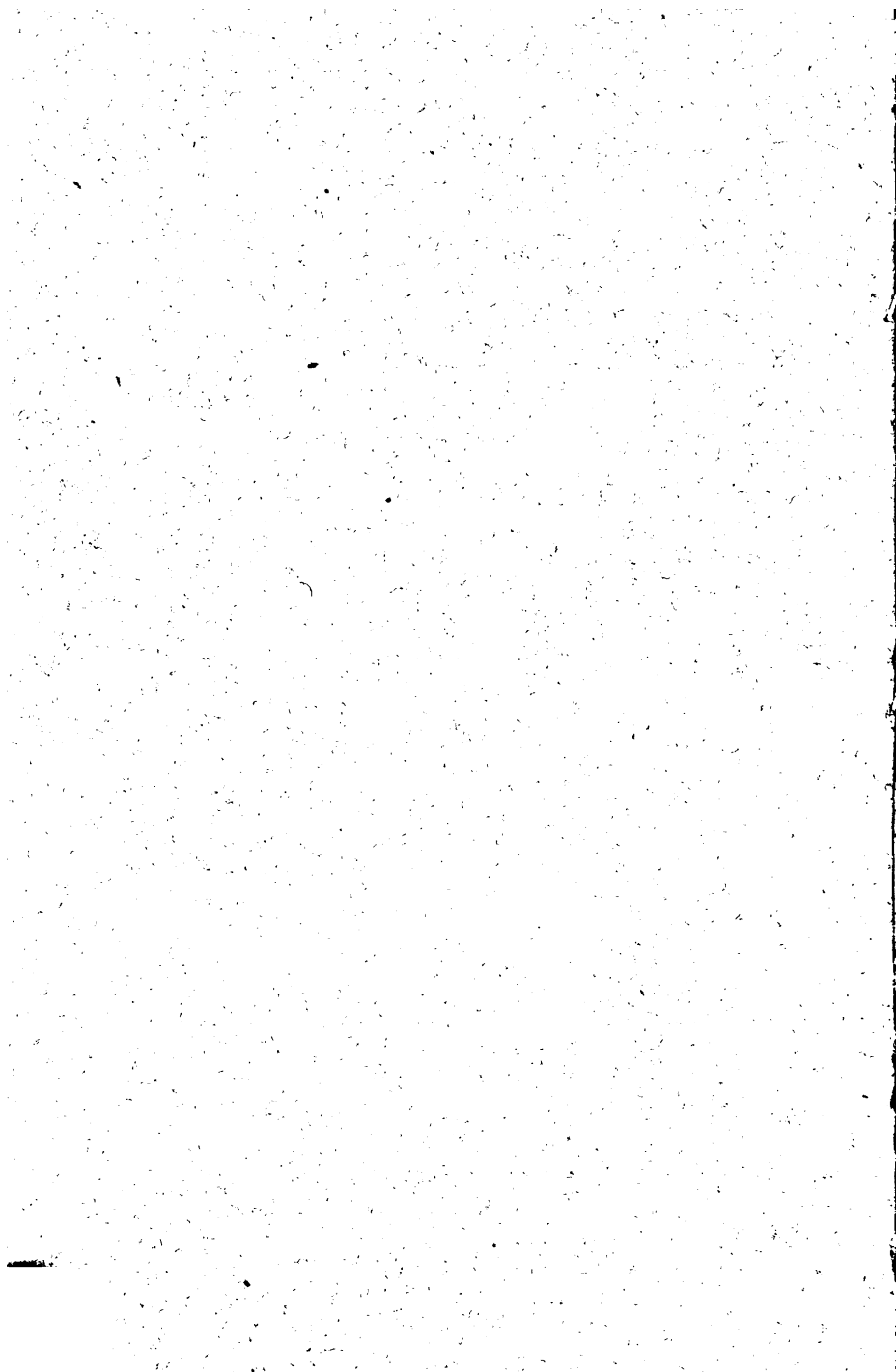


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**JUBILEE GREETING AT SPITHEAD  
TO THE  
MEN OF GREATER BRITAIN.**

**By same Author.**

**POEMS. In the Press. 5/- nett.**



JUBILEE GREETING  
AT SPITHEAD TO THE  
MEN OF GREATER BRITAIN  
By 65-905-  
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

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LONDON & NEW YORK : JOHN LANE  
*at the Sign of the BODLEY HEAD.*

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TO OUR GREAT CONTEMPORARY WRITER  
OF PATRIOTIC POETRY,  
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE,



*You and I are old enough to remember the time when, in the world of letters at least, patriotism was not so fashionable as it is now—when, indeed, love of England suggested Philistinism rather than “sweetness and light.” Other people, such as Frenchmen, Italians, Irishmen, Hungarians, Poles, might give voice to a passionate love of the land of their birth, but not Englishmen. It was very curious, as I thought then, and as I think now. And at that period love of the Colonies was, if possible, even more out of fashion than was love of England; and this temper was not confined to the “cultured” class. It pervaded society and had an immense*

influence upon politics. On one side the Manchester school, religiously hoping that if the Colonies could be insulted so effectually that they must needs (unless they abandoned all self-respect) "set up for themselves," the same enormous spurt would be given to British trade which occurred after the birth of the United States, bade the Colonies "cut the painter." On the other hand the old Tories and Whigs, with a few noble exceptions, having never really abandoned the old traditions respecting the unimportance of all matters outside the parochial circle of European diplomacy, scarcely knew where the Colonies were situated on the map.

There was, however, in these islands one person who saw as clearly then as all see now the infinite importance of the expansion of England to the true progress of mankind—the Great Lady whose praises in this regard I have presumed to sing in the opening stanza of these verses.

I may be wrong, but I, who am, as you know, no courtier, believe from the bottom of my heart that without the influence of the Queen this expansion would have been seriously delayed. Directly and indirectly her influence must needs be enormous, and, as regards this matter, it has always been exercised—energetically and even eagerly exercised—in one way. This

*being my view, I have for years been urging more than one friend clothed with an authority such as I do not possess to bring the subject prominently before the people of England at a time when England's expansion is a phrase in everybody's mouth. I have not succeeded. Let this be my apology for undertaking the task myself and for inscribing to you, as well as to the men of Greater Britain, these lines.*





## PART I.

### I.

In this great year—this year of her  
Who loved you in your infant days, the Queen—  
Who when the timid sophister  
Was fain to narrow the divine demesne  
Of Freedom, bade it still expand—  
Loved you, in all her loveless realm alone—  
Ye come to her whose gentle hand  
Ay drew you to the Motherland,  
Drew you till Ocean's mighty waist was spanned  
By Britain's zone.

## II.

Beyond the stars your sires rejoice  
Who hear to-day this iron clang and rattle,  
And they recall the Channel's voice  
Which in old fights lent music to the battle,  
For breath of Death can never smother  
For them the voice when this bright bosom heaves  
With pride of Her she guards—the Mother  
For whom our Drake with many a brother  
Won from the world the robe above all other  
The proud sea weaves.



### III.

Therefore this sight is yours and ours  
Whose fathers see it, wheresoe'er they dwell :  
Not even the breath of Eden flowers  
Can win them from the Channel's salt sweet smell;  
And yonder skyey wings that hover  
Kindling each steel-clad titan till he glows—  
Wings of Old England's Angel-lover—  
Your fathers see them shine above her—  
They see our Angel of the Channel cover  
Spithead with rose.

#### IV.

With Kings that Angel learnt to fight :  
Their hireling axes shivered in their helves :  
His foe is now the people's spite  
When bloody-minded nations kill themselves ;  
But still, round England's sacred crags,  
His billowy squadrons roll round her ye love,  
Moving with glory of varying flags  
With purple pennon's golden jags,  
Mirrored from every cloud that flies or drags  
Or streams above.

V.

When foemen threat He smiles, He smiles !  
Yea, England's guardian angel stirs His wings—  
Then out from furthest Scilly Isles,  
Right on by Deal a glittering laughter springs,  
As when of old His billowy host  
Cried out "Ha ! ha ! they come, the ships of Spain!"—  
As when that day around the coast  
The news of Trafalgar was tossed  
Ere yet His billows knew what England lost—  
What man lay slain.

## VI.

The eyes of heroes light the Past :  
The men who builded Time's heroic years,  
Who quelled the world 'neath sail and mast,  
Can see each armoured ship beyond the spheres—  
Can see yon flag of curling smoke  
From funnels of our Angel's Admiral Steam—  
They talk of how the Armada broke  
Against Britannia's shield of oak  
Whilst there on wheels of storm with foam-flecked yoke  
He drove his team.

## VII.

Your fathers grew to demi-gods  
Breathing his breath, the same ye breathe to-day :  
And Drake, when fronting grievous odds  
Drew strength from Channel wind and Channelspray ;  
And, through that fateful August night  
When Grenville read his name on flags of Death,  
He saw, by love's high second-sight,  
Far off beyond the monstrous fight,  
The wings of England's Angel hovering bright  
And felt His breath.

## VIII.

As if His guardian coursers heard  
Prophetic strains from mystic harps of Ocean,  
His mighty heart to-day is stirred,  
Hearing your voice, to some sublime emotion  
Which makes His pinions glow, and makes  
The Channel heave as if the waters knew ;  
Brothers, the hand of Evening shakes  
A rosier haze through rosier flakes,  
Because your Angel of the Channel wakes  
To welcome you.

## IX.

And see!—around that cloud-pavilion,  
Gleaming above the sun's bright ocean-bed,  
Where veils of evening grow vermillion,  
Ancestral pictures, yours and ours, are spread !  
Those wings of His that glitter golden  
Above the crests of Britain's iron steeds,—  
Those wings of His could once embolden—  
In mighty days beloved and olden—  
Your god-like sires by whom they were beholden  
To god-like deeds.

X.

When, strong as Death and swift as Death,  
He let the Spanish galleons in—and moved—  
Yea moved to smite with angry breath,  
Till not a sail defiled the sea he loved—  
That breath which nerved for gun and pike  
Each English arm till in each English hand  
All weapons, splinter, marlin spike  
Or sprit or sword, were strong to strike  
Such strokes no Spaniard ever saw the like  
By sea or land.



## XI.

They fought with England long ago ;  
They strove with her whose gate the billows keep ;  
On Channel chalk they sleep below—  
In caverns of the great North Sea they sleep.  
“ Thus soldier, priest, and mariner,”  
He said,—our guardian angel said,—“ shall perish ;  
My deeps have still a sepulchre  
For all whom envy or hate shall stir  
To strike across them—strike at England, her  
The billows cherish.”

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JUBILEE GREETING AT SPITHEAD  
TO THE  
MEN OF GREATER BRITAIN.

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PART II.

“ ‘ British ’ always has included all nationalities within  
the mother-islands of the British Empire.”

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, *Times*, June 16, 1897.

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## PART II.

### I.

'EARTH's memory holds a living vision  
Of all the sights she saw since time began ;  
These shores record her slow transition  
From age to age while yet she yearned for man ;  
But when the Future makes a sign—  
When Nature's mystic eyes prognosticate—  
'Tis in the sunset halls that shine  
Built of cloud and air and brine :  
Brothers, that untried fleet but makes me pine  
To read her fate.

## II

Through this great age, with heights above  
All other heights of England's Day save one—  
Through this long reign of her we love  
Hath England basked in Fortune's summer sun ;  
But not then, e'en then, when heedless Time  
Saw Stratford's truant boy read Avon's word,  
Did England's path seem so sublime  
As now, when out from every clime  
Her children flock to hear the Channel-chime  
Their fathers heard.

### III.

Fools who believed themselves her friends,  
And foes less dire than friends because of wrath,  
Would turn her from her noble ends ;  
But Nature's mystic finger traced her path :  
Strife hath been hers, not oft with peers,  
Her hand's far shadow quelled the savage foe,  
Yet sometimes falling on mine ears,  
Voices have vexed my soul with fears :  
What sorrows in the womb of future years  
Shall England know ?

#### IV.

How shall she stand when round the world  
Envy shall hiss—Hell's Cobra-de-Capello—  
With flicker of tongue o'er folds half curled  
Dull eyes of malice set in dingy yellow,  
Baring her fangs, spreading her hood,  
To strike our England, her whose stainless brand—  
Whetted to slaughter Slaughter's brood—  
Uneager even for foeman's blood—  
Strikes ever home but ever strikes for good,—  
How shall she stand?



V.

Still, this sweet music of your voices,  
Speaking from over-sea our Nelson's tongue,  
Comes with a thought that now rejoices  
My sinking heart, a thought that makes it young,  
And She seems young for whom was wrought  
What Drake hath done and Nelson, She  
Whose blood of heroes dead hath bought  
Empires for you—a glorious thought  
Of England's mighty future that hath brought  
New joy to me.

## VI.

If but the thews of Englishmen  
In Drake's great day were strong for every foe,  
Shall England find her conqueror when  
Not English thews alone deal England's blow,  
When Scotland, that twin-sister, who,  
Alone among the nations, met her might  
With eyes unblenched, who ne'er withdrew  
From battle till her heather's blue  
Shone red with southron blood of men she slew,  
Strengthens the fight?

## VII.

When Ireland, once so fiercely brave  
'Gainst England, standing now with many a scar  
From many a fight on field and wave—  
From Waterloo and Nile and Trafalgar—  
Brings memories of the men who died  
To keep two deathless Isles of Freedom free ;  
When sons of three Great sisters ride  
In those proud ships with equal pride  
Ready for all the world and, side by side  
Share Sovereignty.

## VIII.

This makes the billows leap along  
With finer gallop—leap because they know  
How love hath made the sisters strong  
To meet the foe, though all the world be foe—  
Because they hear another sound,  
A girdle of music round the orb of waters—  
Voices from those who, standing round  
All shores where ocean waves rebound—  
Stand there with British feet on British ground  
Britannia's Daughters—

## IX.

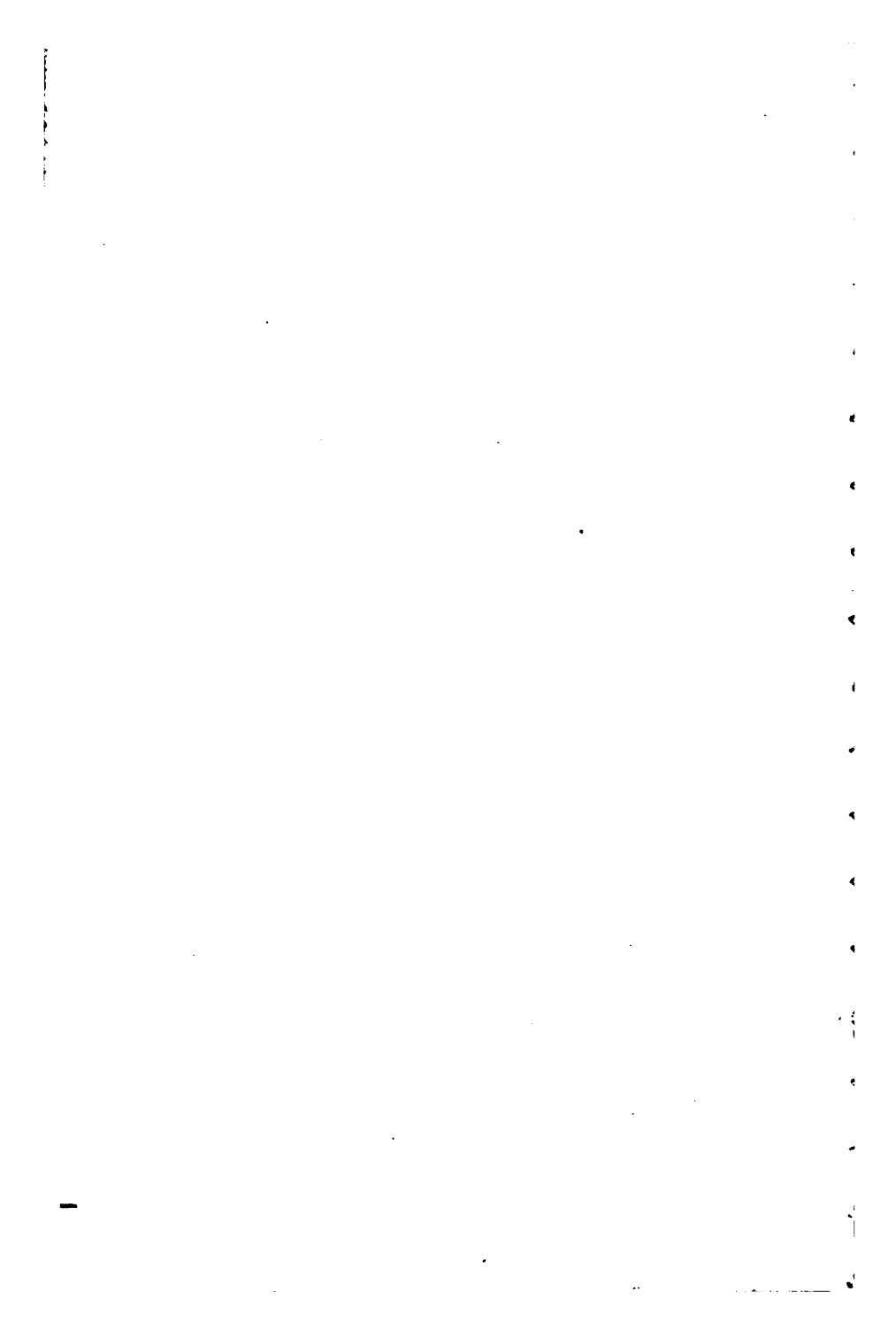
Voices of those whose bond of love,  
Binding them each to each o'er every sea,  
Is love of Her whose pulses move  
To peans of an Empire's Jubilee ;  
Voices that come from distant lands—  
From elfin halls where gem-crowned Africa  
Opens at last her mystic hands,  
And from that eldest born who stands  
Between the world's two sister-ocean strands,  
Great Canada ;

X.

And from those sisters of the South,  
Betrothed to stars of deeper soul than ours,  
Whose young lips feel the mother's mouth,  
Who still remember scent of English flowers :  
New Zealand shedding, far away,  
Fragrance of Albion o'er the vast expanse ;  
Australias, round whose coral way  
Pacific billows write in spray  
A word in sunbeams on the gleaming day—  
Faith's word, " Advance."

## XI.

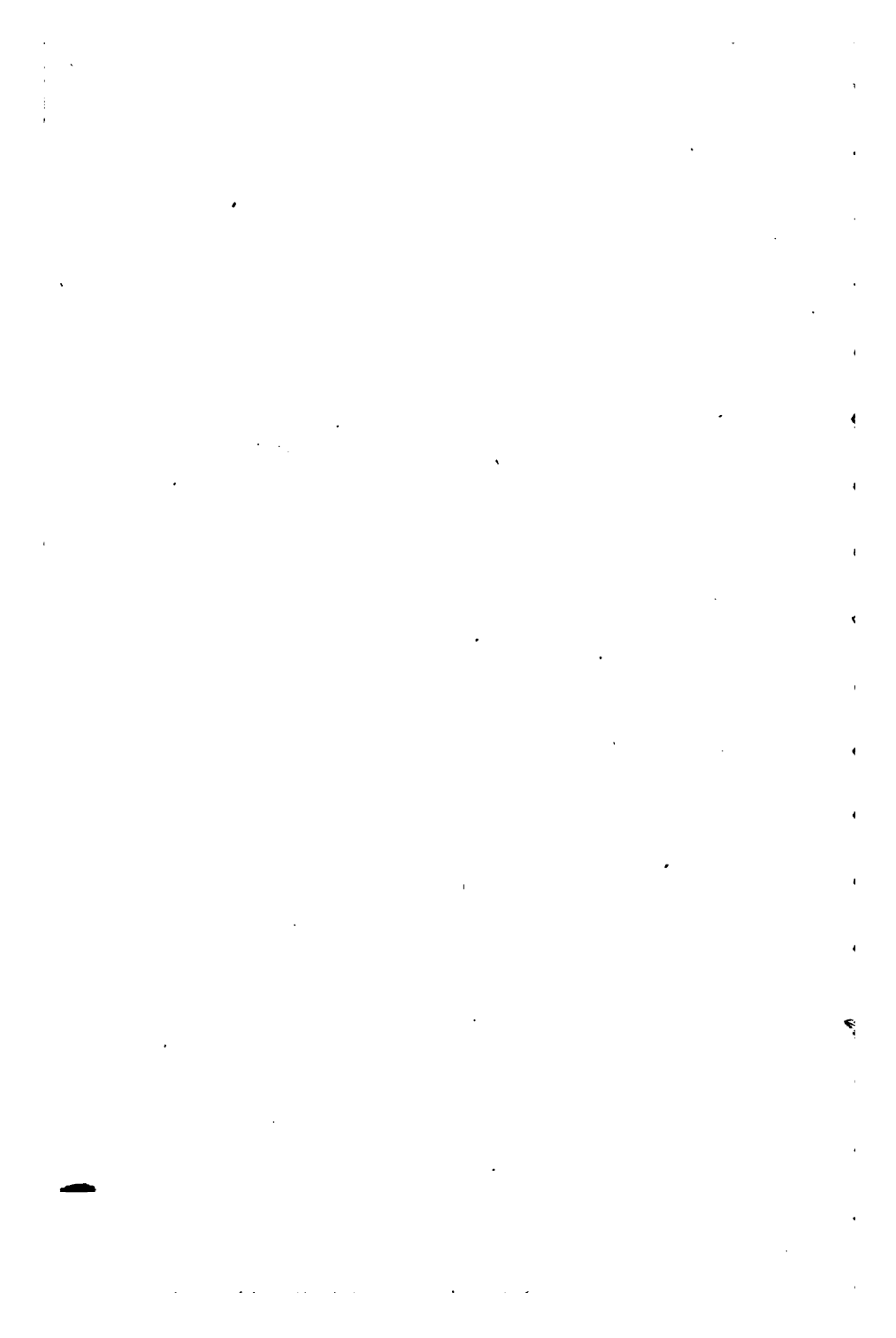
All say, "Beloved Angel, Thou  
Whose flag above Thy Channel ne'er is furled  
Thine England's wider moat is now  
Ocean, who lisps her name around the world ;  
In Northern sun—in Southern sun,  
True daughters, yea to very death, are we  
Of her whose morn hath but begun—  
Whose robe, our hero-fathers won—  
That robe the great uniting Sea hath spun—  
Her Subject Sea."





**FOUR SONNETS**

**TO THOSE WHO CARRY THE TONGUE OF  
SHAKSPEARE ROUND THE WORLD.**



## ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA !

### THE PASSAGE TO ENGLAND

Yon albatross, whose stirless pinions follow  
The ship through smile and frown of wind and weather,  
Outsails, without the labour of a feather,  
Each frigate-bird and gull and ocean-swallow.  
Yes, while the sunny billows wake and wallow,  
Now yellow as gold—now purple as flowering heather—  
Now glassing all the hues of morn together—  
In play rides he o'er steaming crest and hollow !  
Australia—thou whose flight shall still advance  
On wings that never beat, yet never stay—  
That win (like thine own bird's) the race in play—  
Desert not thou, whatever winds of chance  
May fret the changing waves of Time's expanse,  
The ship that led thee on thy morning way !

## ENGLAND STANDS ALONE

"England stands alone : without an ally."

*A German Newspaper.*

"SHE stands alone : ally nor friend has she,"  
Saith Europe of our England—her who bore  
Drake, Blake, and Nelson—Warrior-Queen who wore  
Light's conquering glaive that strikes the conquered free.  
Alone !—From Canada comes o'er the sea,  
And from that English coast with coral shore,  
The old-world cry Europe hath heard of yore  
From Dover cliffs : "Ready, aye ready we !"  
"Europe," saith England, "hath forgot my boys !—  
Forgot how tall, in yonder golden zone  
'Neath Austral skies, my youngest born have grown  
(Bearers of bayonets now and swords for toys)—  
Forgot 'mid boltless thunder—harmless noise—  
The sons with whom old England 'stands alone' !"

# THE BREATH OF AVON

TO ENGLISH-SPEAKING PILGRIMS ON  
SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

## I.

WHATE'ER of woe the Dark may hide in womb  
For England, mother of kings of battle and song—  
Rapine, or racial hate's mysterious wrong,  
Blizzard of Chance, or fiery dart of Doom—  
Let breath of Avon, rich of meadow-bloom,  
Bind her to that great daughter sever'd long—  
To near and far-off children young and strong—  
With fetters woven of Avon's flower perfume.  
Welcome, ye English-speaking pilgrims, ye  
Whose hands around the world are join'd by him,  
Who make his speech the language of the sea,  
Till winds of Ocean waft from rim to rim  
The Breath of Avon : let this great day be  
A Feast of Race no power shall ever dim.

## II.

From where the steeds of Earth's twin oceans toss  
Their manes along Columbia's chariot-way ;  
From where Australia's long blue billows play ;  
From where the morn, quenching the Southern Cross,  
Startling the frigate-bird and albatross  
Asleep in air, breaks over Table Bay—  
Come hither, pilgrims, where these rushes sway  
'Tween grassy banks of Avon soft as moss !  
For, if ye found the breath of Ocean sweet,  
Sweeter is Avon's earthy, flowery smell,  
Distill'd from roots that feel the coming spell  
Of May, who bids all flowers that lov'd him meet  
In meadows that, remembering Shakspeare's feet,  
Hold still a dream of music where they fell.

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**JUBILEE GREETING  
AT SPITHEAD TO THE  
MEN OF GREATER BRITAIN**  
By  
**THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON**



